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THE TORCH

59
60

THE ANNUAL PUBLICATION BY THE STUDENTS OF

D·D·H·S·

Principal's Message

I should hope, as the third edition of the Torch nears completion, that it may be said that this annual publication is becoming a tradition in Dundalk District High School. It is the responsibility of the students in the lower grades to live up to the standards set by the Editorial Staffs of the past three years and to see to it that the Torch becomes an integral part of this school's life.

No one would think of questioning the value of a Year Book as a creative medium and as a priceless record of our school activities.

To the year book editor and his assistants, we would express our congratulations and thanks. We hope that, in giving us so much, you also have derived some satisfaction and a sense of accomplishment.

Our thanks is extended, as well, to our advertisers, whose generosity and co-operation makes this publication possible.

May we all, in future years, look back through these pages to enjoy again, in retrospect, the school year 1959-60.

EDITORIAL

During this past school year, many activities have taken place. In this book we hope that these activities have been faithfully reproduced, so that sometime in the future these pages will help you remember your "high-school days."

It has been rumored that an addition is to be built to the school. If so, I hope that it will be possible for future Yearbooks to have a separate room for their use. This year, the Torch shared quarters with P.T. equipment and Cadet equipment, and the fact that anyone could enter the room when they wished caused several serious delays.

I would like to thank the staff of the Torch, the publishers, advertisers, students and anyone else who has contributed to the Torch.

V. Zvanitajs

TORCH STAFF

Editor.....Walt Zvanitajs

Assistant Editor.....Andy Bite

Girl's Sports.....Sylvia Galbraith

Boy's Sports.....Boniface Vaivods

Social Events.....Delbert Russell

Artists.....Judy Stewart
Fred Goheen

Staff representative.Mr. Gemmell

Valedictory Address For Class '59
Is Given By Barry Evans Koehler

Following is the Valedictory of the class of 1959, Dundalk District High School, as given by Barry Koehler at the Commencement Exercises on Nov. 26:

As I stand here to-night, my first inclination is to step out to the edge, glance upward, and see if those school initials are still in place. It seems to me that at least one has always had a tendency to sag.

At Commencement, a graduate experiences a mixture of emotions-regret that he (or she)- they say that girls do graduate, sometimes . . that he can no longer participate in the extra-curriculas activities, and relief at having completed the academic studies.

Our minds go back to the first year of high school-lowly members of Grade Nine, numbering in all some forty-odd pupils. Ours was the first Grade Nine to enroll in the new high school. Initiations were not the order of the day that year. We were happy later to institute this procedure for subsequent Grade Niners. Mr. Bielby was our principal, but one year of constant association with us was all he managed to endure as, at the end of the school year, he and several other members of the staff betook themselves to greener fields.

Mr. Young, our next principal, was of sterner stuff, and stayed with us for two years. With the production of our first winning basketball team, new life was given to our school spirit. Although Mr. Young might be termed a non-conformist as principals go, I, as well as many others, feel that he added a great deal to our years as high school students.

As we entered Grade Twelve, Mr. Sawyers had been engaged as principal, and he indeed has been brave and long suffering. He has weathered the ups and downs of two years and has embarked on his third year in that capacity.

During 1957-58 we edited and published our first high school year book, The Torch. Many hidden talents amongst the student body came to light as we compiled these books. The typing was done entirely by the students, as was the art work. Having been privileged (I use the word loosely) to actively participate in the preparation of these year books, I would say now that I feel that the work involved was well worthwhile, but I would like to say to the students that when your present editor, Walt Zvanitajs, gets on your back to do a little work on the year book, please comply. He's not a slave-driver at heart - he would just like to have the book published before June.

I'd like to take this opportunity of paying tribute to four of the most patient people in D.D.H.S.-Ed and Mrs. McVicar, and Doug and Mrs. Mitchell. (I suppose it should be Mr. McVicar and Mr. Mitchell, but I know that if I were to call them that to-night, they'd wonder what caused the change). We students always seemed to possess the knack of walking across freshly-scrubbed floors with muddy running shoes, and I'm sure that the crash of breaking dishes sounded continuous to the Mitchells. However, although we may not have been the recipients of sweet smiles at these times, we never got the callings-down that we deserved.

There are others, who, I'm sure, have us well - instilled in their memories--happily or otherwise. Mrs. Byrnes, although giving us a thorough knowledge of the French language, must have felt quite frustrated in her efforts to pass on a little culture and refinement. I'm sure Mr. Allen was pleased with us, though--we helped him succeed in his ambition to produce a play, even if he was reduced to tearing his hair at times, during the process. But there is one person who deserves a medal--Miss Graham. She endured our entirely masculine Grade Thirteen for one whole year, never breaking down through episodes of coffee-brewing and cookie-stealing. After such a display of fortitude, she deserves an honourary membership in our great society, the Hoyyamoyyans.

It seems customary in valedictories to give a short dissertation on some fundamental principle of life that the speaker has learned in his years as a struggling student. Never one to break with tradition, I'm going to put in my two cents' worth. It's not profound, and definitely not original, but notwithstanding.

It seems to be the case that too many high school students (regrettably, myself included) are inclined to be too trusting (or too disinterested) as regards what they are taught. Pupils sit, never questioning a teacher, and taking the text book as the absolute and final word. Who would think of doubting such oracles? Nevertheless, they really ought to be doubted. It's not enough merely to know certain laws and facts, but you must know the reasons behind these. But don't just stick up your hand, and burble happily, "Why teach, why?" Try to formulate some reasonable theory to justify the law, and then ask for verification of its correctness. Besides starting yourself thinking, your teacher will appreciate it, too. He's probably so accustomed to talking to a large group of glazed expressions, that the words come automatically, while he sits thinking about what a stolid bunch of clods he has in front of him. Why not change the regrettable truth of statement by Dr. Bissell of the University of Toronto: "Lectures go from the notes of the professor into the notes of the pupil without passing through the minds of either!" To put

it bluntly, try thinking!

I suppose that all I have been doing for most of the last few minutes is reminiscing, but then, a valedictory is a farewell address, and what a graduate is really saying good-bye to is an assortment of pleasant memories. I'm sure that I complained bitterly at times during high school about how hard I was worked, but all I can remember now is how much fun it was.

"OUR EDITOR"

As seen by
Fred Goheen

Our Editor didn't have everything his own way.

All work and no play makes Walt a dull boy.

Bonnie! The lettering is upside-down.

It never got him down.

Many hours were spent in worry.

STAFF

Mr.H.F.Clute B.A.

Miss M.E.Tatley

Mr.W.E.Walls BASc

Miss E.J.Graham

Mrs.C.Love

Mr.W.O.Osborne

Mrs.D.Crawford
Secretary

Picture
not
available

Mr. H. Gemmell
B.A.

Sitting: Left to right: Head Girl, Barbara MacDonald; Treasurer, Elaine Zeggil; Social Convener, Shirley Ritchie; Girls' Student Rep., Sylvia Galbraith, Girls' Athletic Rep., Connie Moore;

Standing: Left to right: Secretary, Ralph Russell; Lunch Convener, Fred Goheen; Literary Convener, Walt Zvanitajs; Head Boy, Ken Patterson; Boys' Student Rep., Bill Rea; Boys' Athletic Rep., Ed Minard.

THE STUDENTS COUNCIL

Head Girl, Barbara MacDonald and Head Boy, Ken Patterson

Sitting: l. to r. Andy Bite, Assistant Editor; Walt Zvanitajs Editor; Sylvia Galbraith, Girls' Sports; Judy Stewart, Art;

Standing: l.to r: Fred Goheen, Art; Boniface Vaivods, Boys' Sports; Delbert Russell, Social Reporter.

TORCH STAFF

STUDENTS

GRADE 13

NAME: Tom Beatty
RENAMED: Thos.
AMBITION: Owner of a supermarket.
DESTINATION: Young's.
FAVOURITE SAYING: You'll kill us all.
PET PEEVE: Dunc.

NAME: Jack Black
RENAMED: Big fellow
AMBITION: To be early.
DESTINATION: Hound-dog man.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Hey, Big Fred, let's went!
PET PEEVE: He says, "I aren't got none."

NAME: Ron Elliot
RENAMED: Ron
AMBITION: None.
DESTINATION: The Quiet Village.
FAVOURITE SAYING: You stupid "#$%_&)(*+!!!
PET PEEVE: Those ditches.

NAME: Albert Gilkes
RENAMED: Einstein
AMBITION: To take up residence in the pool hall.
DESTINATION: Getting squatters' rights at D.D.H.S.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Just think, next year I'll vote.
PET PEEVE: Pereniall Grade XIII'ers.

NAME: Fred Goheen
RENAMED: F.J.G.
AMBITION: Mechanic.
DESTINATION: Hemphill's.
FAVOURITE SAYING: That'll teach 'em.
PET PEEVE: Dodging two maple trees.

NAME: Barbara McDonald
RENAMED: Babs
AMBITION: Teacher.
DESTINATION: Teaching judo.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Well how about that now!
PET PEEVE: Unsteady steadies.

NAME: Bill McCormick
RENAMED: Mouch
AMBITION: Secretary for Mickey Mouse Club.
DESTINATION: Disneyland.
FAVOURITE SAYING: But this is my last one!
PET PEEVE: Petty debtors.

NAME: Muriel McQuarrie
RENAMED: Mick
AMBITION: Teacher.
DESTINATION: Beach-comber.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Take that!
PET PEEVE: Chicken rings.

NAME: Shirley Nicholls
RENAMED: The Long-nailed Kiki Bird.
AMBITION: Nurse.
DESTINATION: Laundry detail.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Kiiiiiii!!!
PET PEEVE: Patterson.

NAME: Ken Patterson
RENAMED: "Preach"
AMBITION: To play basketball.
DESTINATION: Girls' basketball team.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Yes Miss Graham!
PET PEEVE: Girl basketball players.

NAME: Ron Springgay
RENAMED: Rocket
AMBITION: To re-write the basketball rules.
DESTINATION: Columnist for Mad.
FAVOURITE SAYING: I didn't fool.
PET PEEVE: Stationary maple trees.

NAME: Walt Zvanitajs
RENAMED: Bull
AMBITION: To become a millionaire.
DESTINATION: Playing an accordion on street corners.
FAVOURITE SAYING: When will you have this tire fixed?
PET PEEVE: People who don't.

GRADE 12

NAME: Bessie Batchelor
RENAMED: Bess
AMBITION: To have her hog win first prize.
DESTINATION: Working in Young's abbatoir.
FAVOURITE SAYING: What? Only fifth?
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Getting baskets for the girls' team.

NAME: Andy Bite
RENAMED: Andy
AMBITION: To open a speed shop in Dundalk.
DESTINATION: Being undersold by "Hot Rod" Werry.
FAVOURITE SAYING: "CENSORED"
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Going to Ray's parties.

NAME: Shirley Cooper
RENAMED: Curley Shupper
AMBITION: Nil.
DESTINATION: Push-cart pilot at the R&W.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Ho! Ho! Ho!
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Punching cash registers.

NAME: Tom Connolly
RENAMED: Tommy
AMBITION: To get in by 5 a.m.
DESTINATION: Stuck in the middle of nowhere at 6 a.m.
FAVOURITE SAYING: These - - - - roads.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: There are those pink elephants again.

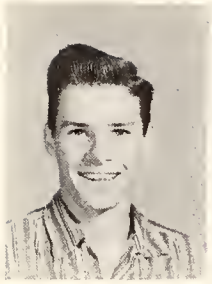
NAME: Lyle Ferris
RENAMED: Ferry
AMBITION: First man on the moon
DESTINATION: Cookie cutter in a Chinese Cookie Factory
FAVOURITE SAYING: Anybody got a hanky!
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Playing basketball.

NAME: Janet Holmes
RENAMED: "The I.B.M. Machine"
AMBITION: To teach in public school.
DESTINATION: President of the Atomic Energy Commision.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Since $E=Mc^2$, therefore.....
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Playing tidly-winks.

NAME: Duncan Goheen
RENAMED: Dunque
AMBITION: Civil Engineer.
DESTINATION: Miles from civilization.
FAVOURITE SAYING: You're ignorant Goheen(hic).
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Shooting defenceless rabbits.

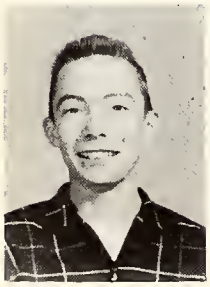
NAME: Sylvia Galbraith
RENAMED: Brewer
AMBITION: Interior designer.
DESTINATION: Plasterer.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Stoppit!
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Plastering basketball players.

NAME: Elgin Gott
RENAMED: Algae
AMBITION: Muscle building course.
DESTINATION: Formulating Gott's Law.
FAVOURITE SAYING: If you Gott to go, then you Gott to go.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Going.



NAME: Ed Jack
RENAMED: Eddy
AMBITION: To outlast McIntyre on Saturday night.
DESTINATION: Staying home and watching the sow
FAVOURITE SAYING: Who made this?
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Making his own.

NAME: Jeanette Lockhart
RENAMED: The Same
AMBITION: To glare defiantly at the teachers.
DESTINATION: Being expelled for impertinence.
FAVOURITE SAYING: How's that?
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Trying to start a Hitler Youth Movement.



NAME: John McIntyre
RENAMED: Johnny
AMBITION: To become an O.P.P.
DESTINATION: To join brother Don with a still on the hill.
FAVOURITE SAYING: What do you mean? I'm 21.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Ripping up Osprey.

NAME: Ed Minard
RENAMED: Eddie
AMBITION: To get with a cheerleader.
DESTINATION: To be manager of Dundalk Motors.
FAVOURITE SAYING: CENSORED.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Doing the same.

NAME: Connie Moore
RENAMED: Hermann
AMBITION: President of the Temperance League.
DESTINATION: Sampler for Smirnoffs.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Stop that! It tickles!
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Watching the moonshine in the bush.

NAME: Nettie Moore
RENAMED: Chester
AMBITION: Teacher
DESTINATION: Working the back forty with John.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Oh! D____!
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Listening to hairy jokes.

NAME: Agnes Mulhall
RENAMED: Aggie
AMBITION: Doctor.
DESTINATION: Sharpening scalples.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Is the new issue of "Musclepower" in?
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Wearing daffodil-blue leotards.

NAME: Betty Porter
RENAMED: Porter
AMBITION: To go around the world in eighty days.
DESTINATION: Photographer for "Confidential".
FAVOURITE SAYING: "Oh"
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Trying to break the Olympic Decathalon record.

NAME: Jean Ray
RENAMED: "Blondie"?
AMBITION: To be a speedy operator.
DESTINATION: Linesman for the Bell.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Ya slob!
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Having "wild" parties.

NAME: Shirley Ritchie
RENAMED: Shirl
AMBITION: Nurse
DESTINATION: Testing bubble baths.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Well, hello there.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Baby-sitting "literally".

NAME: Ralph Russell
RENAMED: R.G.
AMBITION: College man.
DESTINATION: Kindergarten.
FAVOURITE SAYING: I'm no asset to this class.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Taking Elaine's pen.

NAME: Shirley Stewart
RENAMED: Stew
AMBITION: To agree with Mr. Clute.
DESTINATION: Manager of the Cut Rate.
FAVOURITE SAYING: A - Wunnerful - A - Wunnerful.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Anything.

NAME: Anna Marie Stoddart
RENAMED: Mossy
AMBITION: To get a Jack
DESTINATION:"The Black hand"
FAVOURITE SAYING: O' that wasn't nice.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Doing homework wrong.

NAME: Boniface Vaivods
RENAMED: Joe
AMBITION: To buy a car.
DESTINATION: Driving a Go-Cart.
FAVOURITE SAYING: I'm just a bit dizzy.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Studying the complete works of D.H. Lawrence.

NAME: Jeannette Wellwood
RENAMED: Red
AMBITION: Nurse
DESTINATION: Diaper Duty at Patterson's.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Who says I can't say psghetti?
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Pretending to watch the late show.

NAME: Mary Whalls
RENAMED: Wally
AMBITION: Secret.
DESTINATION: Testing red hair dye.
FAVOURITE SAYING: UNPRINTABLE.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Chewing bear hides.

NAME: Elaine Zeggil
RENAMED: Zane
AMBITION: English Teacher
DESTINATION: Test-pilot in a wheel-barrow factory.
FAVOURITE SAYING: No Jeannie, I won't scratch your back.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Graeco-Roman wrestling.

NAME: Juris Zvanitajs
RENAMED: Jerk
AMBITION: To become a cosmopolitan playboy.
DESTINATION: No wheels and winging it.
FAVORITE SAYING: No, I won't take you uptown!
FAVORITE PASTIME: Sleeping.

GRADE X1

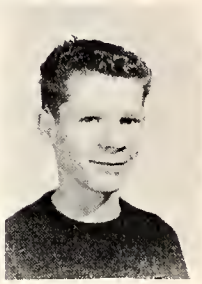
B. Crockford

L. Brown

M. Ruttan

L. Seeley

J. Zeggil


R. Sawyers

M. Keating

B. Brounstein

J. Stewart

D. Russell

A. Dales

R. McCreary

M. Riddell

R. Robinson

Y. Robinson

P. Watson

S. Caswell

K. Winch

B. Quarrier

G. Krueger

M. Pipher

R. Bell

S. Death

J. Bell

H. Talbot

J. Bell

G. Terry

J. Nawrot

M. Elliott

B. McIntyre

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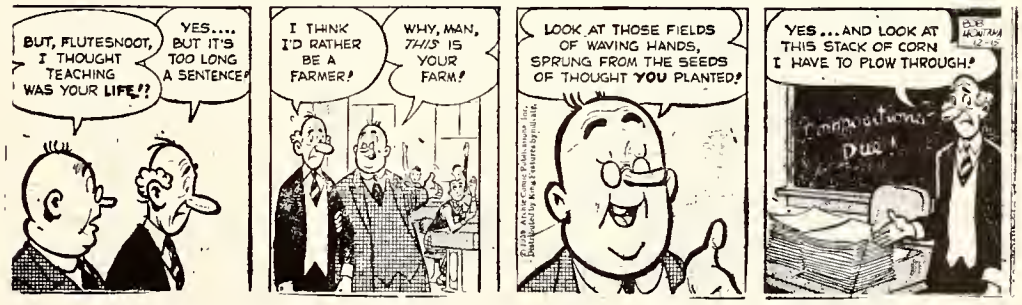
C. Connolly



Never pass a school bus when it has stopped to load or unload children!!!

GRADE 10 A

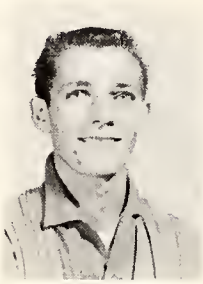
L. A. Seeley

D. Arnill

E. Teicht

A. Young

E. Ludlow


B. Rea

L. Sherritt

W. Bolen

M. Haw

W. Harrison

L. Pipher

R. VanAlstine

I. Colgan

H. Mulligan

M. Hatch

D. Acheson

D. Rice

G. Fluney

S. Watson

D. Franks

A. Caughlin

D. Sprott

P. Oldfield

GRADE 10 B

D. Humphrey

F. Patton

A. Vaivods

G. Spence

D. Haw

M. Connolly

P. Long

W. Seeley

M. MacDonald

B. Wellwood

D. Clarke

D. Fraser

S. Francis

M. Inglis

C. Zacher

W. Reddick

A. Brown

W. Agnew

B. Black

D. Statkus

D. Byers

GRADE 9A

J. Ludlow

S. Perepeluk

J. Johnson

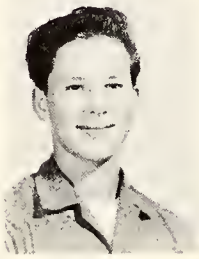
F. Humphrey

J. Gibson

M. Mulhall

K. Fluney

G. Henry


D. Brounstein

B. McCullough

B. Seeley

B. Wilson

K. Dexter

G. Allen

R. Thomas

M. Caswell

R. Johnson

H. McCauley

B. Smith

A. Riddell

N. Jack

W. Ruttan

D. Agnew

M. Long

E. Mills

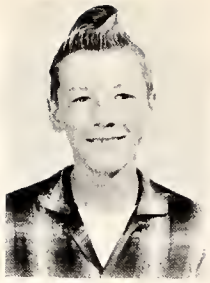
B. Tye

B. Green

W. Watson

CADETS

GRADE 9B


D. Sprott

N. Robinson

G. Sanson

E. Walton

G. Rice

P. Hornsby

L. Gilkes

H. McIntyre

J. Zeggil

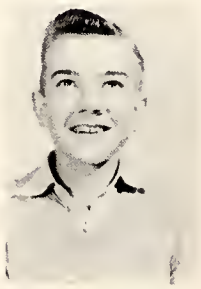
R. A. Orvis

P. Rodgers

M. Wilson

M. Moore

E. Mainprize


D. Lougheed

J. Aitken

A. King

D. Hemphill

G. Case

L. Colgan

R. Hunking

I. Cutting

R. Duncan

B. Fluney

L. Timbers

R. Seeley

R.Jamieson

E. Collins

"COMMERCIAL CLASS"

"I S L A N D M O O N"

She stood on the deck of the 'Santa Maria', her face lined with little wrinkles that did not go well with her beautiful features. She, Gina Liosandy, was going home. Home! The thought nearly made her laugh. The piece of paper in her hand fluttered. For the hundredth time she read it over.

"My dearest, beloved, sister, Gina Liosandy--" the beginning was typical of her rebel brother, who loved formalities. Oh well..... "The island is as prosperous and beautiful as ever but lacks the family. You, Gina, is all I have left so hear my prayer and return to share this, my haven, as our divine and noble father would have wished it to be. I have learned; I am changed. Let me prove to you I am deserving of the name Soranda Liosandy. All is in readiness for your arrival. Do not forsake your respectful, obedient servant,

your brother,

Soranda Liosandy.

She did not believe him. He was no good! Of this she was convinced. And yet, perhaps...she hoped that ten years in a Spanish prison had changed him for the better.

The beautiful island of her ancestors loomed in sight. It was for this she had come, for this, and to once more set flowers by her father's tomb.

The 'Santa Maria' docked. A negro boy carried her luggage to shore. Soranda Liosandy waited for her. He was tall and darkly handsome. "Nina!" Arms outstreched, he stepped toward her--"Welcome to our home!"

Her eyes swam. In the distance she saw the grim towers of the Liosandy castle, built many centuries ago. She closed her eyes and was a child again, singing in the garden, laughing with her charming native mother, riding with her father, whom she loved with a fierce devotion.

A rough hand touched her arm. "Come Nina," Soranda's voice reproached her, "we must be off to the castle. Would you keep us all waiting?" He gestured to a group of people standing near. "Oh, I am sorry, forgive me." She turned to them, apoligizing. Soranda smiled forgivingly, "You are forgiven child."

Angrily, she turned to him. He had not lost his impudence and swaggering manner. Innocently he smiled at her.

She entered the waiting coach with a feeling of forboding.

The wine was sweet and tasty; the music was beautiful; the guests were gay, and she, as in the days of yore, was a great success. It was a wonderful party. Perhaps Soranda had changed. It was unlike the Soranda she knew to give this party in her hohour. She looked about for him.

"Have you seen my brother, senor?" She smiled.

"Why he was....."

A scream shattered the gayety. Again it came, then stopped abrubtly leaving heavy silence in the room.

"The Garden!" Excited voices rose.

Nina pushed through the crowd. "What is it? What has happened?"

"Stay away! This is not for a woman's eyes to see. Back! A black bearded man shouted at her.

"I am Nina Liosandy. I will see what there is to see."

"No, I beg you. No! 'Tis death!" She brushed past him. The circle of men reluctantly separated and let her through.

She stared. The girl lay naked, a dagger in her breast. Marked on her forehead in her own red blood was a new moon. Sobbing, Nina fell on the girl trying to cover the naked form.

Soranda stared blackly at the men. He raised Nina, then, carried her swiftly to her room. She wept gysterically. He slapped her; mercifully, she fainted.

The sun shone brightly through the pink lace curtains of Nina's room. She streched luxiouriously. Soranda had made a beautiful job of her room. Redecorating it and putting in the best of the castle antiques was really charming of him. And the party last night, it really was too wonderful for.....She sat up. The party! The girl! What had happened?

Hastily she dressed and dashed down the stairs.

"Soranda, the girl! What happened to her? How did I get to my room last night?"

Calmly Soranda looked up from his breakfast.

"Sit down, my dear." He smiled indulgingly at her disturbed expression. "Now what may Pinto get you for breakfast?"

Meekly she sat down and looked up like a scolded child at the black bearded man of yesterday. Involuntarily she drew back.

"What does the senorita's heart desire?" Pinto smiled at her.

"Nothing, thank you. I am not hungry."

Puzzled, Pinto waited.

"She will have the same as I," Soranda barked.

Once more anger welled up in Gina and once more she concealed it.

Relief flooded her when the heavy breakfast was completed. Timidly she approached Soranda, on his way to the library.

"May I speak to you a moment, Soranda?" He looked at her condescendingly.

"In the library."

And when the door closed after them.....

"Well?" He was a different Soranda from last night or breakfast. He was polite no longer but crude and foreward.

"It is of last night I wish to speak, of the girl." She looked at him; his face, again calm, betrayed no emotion.

"How did I get to my room? What has happened to the girl?"

Silence. Then —

"I know nothing of this. You fainted, no doubt due to exhaustion, and were taken to your room by Pinto. If a girl was there, she was only in your dreams." His visage was blank of emotion.

"I am sorry Soranda, to have so disturbed you, it was a dream."

She left the stuffy smell of books and leather for the fragnance of the garden.

But it was not a dream. She remembered how and where the body had lain. Yet it was gone and Soranda claimed he knew nothing of it. Yet what could she do? Would her own brother lie to her? A tear trickled down her cheek. Resolutely she wiped it away. She would go to place flowers and light candles

once more in her father's tomb.

It stood as of old, grim, forsaken. But this, she knew, was only on the outside Inside would be the fresh smell of flowers and the beauty of the freshest of these would enhance the dreary walls.

Nina struggled with the door of the tomb. It was locked tight. She did not understand it; it had always been left open. The villagers and natives had come here to pray by her father's leaden cask and to decorate the tomb with flowers. What had happened?

Nina approached her brother at the evening meal.

"Soranda, what has happened to father's tomb.....?" He looked startled, then composed himself again. She continued, "I walked past there today and finding some pretty flowers wished to lay them by his side. But I could not; the door was locked. Soranda spoke tonelessly— "The key was lost."

The clock chimed eight. Soranda would be busy in the library till ten as was his custom.

Softly she stole down the stairs, through the long hall and into the falling dusk.

The garden shed supplied her with an axe and candles.

The night was still and dark. Nothing stirred. A full moon was rising quickly. There eerie in the glow of falling night waited the tomb.

She cut the fairest flowers she could find. The door gave way easily when Nina applied the axe.

She stepped in. All was dark. Cautious of an evening breeze she lit a candle and walked slowly down the steep stairs and corridor to the ancient tomb.

The air was damp, suffocating. Nina pushed open the door leading to the main part of the tomb. The door slammed after her. Stock still she stopped, a scream frozen on her lips!

Before her, in the center of the room, infront of the golden new moon, sat a naked goddess formed of gold. Her eyes were diamonds; her lips glowed as only rubies glowed; her hair studded with the splendour of every glittering stone that earth could give, and by her feet lay treasure of unutterable beauty.

The treasure of her forefathers, of wealthy men, who now were penniless, robbed of all, by a madman brother who worshipped a devil goddess of the moon.

But not at treasure nor at goddess did Nina gape. Before this heathen idol, naked like the evil queen herself, lay the girl Nina had seen in the garden!

It was not a dream. Her brother had lied! He had committed sacrilege against God and sinned shamelessly against the island and its master. The blot on the Liosandy name could only vanish when washed in this madman's blood. A jewelled dagger glimmered in the sleeping maiden's breast to keep her evermore at peace, and rest.

He was mad! He was evil! How many besides this sleeping girl had born the mark of a new moon, and suffered as a sacrifice for a pagan goddess? Nina dropped to her knees and tore the dagger from its innocent bed.

"Lord! Lord! Hear me, my God, though well I know that evil spirits dwell in this place. Bend thine ear! Be merciful! Let this dagger be the tool that shall cleanse this tomb of evil deeds. Let me wash my father's grave with the blood of him who made it evil. Lord, forgive me for the sin I must commit!" Her voice quavered, and she wept quietly.

His stealthy footsteps grew clearer.

She stood poised, ready, the dagger gleaming coldly in her shaking hand. The light flickered; it went out. Surprised, she gasped. The footsteps ceased. With a creaking hi-sssss the door opened.

The dagger lashed out to be rewarded by soft, yielding flesh. Again, and again she struck. Soranda sank to the floor. "Triumph!" she thought....."trium...."

His hands encircled her throat. Fiercely she struggled, bit, clawed, but to no abail. Mercifully, she fainted.

Her head throbbed; her body ached; the knife was beside her. Moving painfully she picked it up, now wet with her blood also.

She dragged herself on, out into the night, following, always following his blood red tracks. He would die. Of this she was certain. But to see him die, for this she suffered now. To know that her father's tomb was cleansed of him, before she too must die.

Her breath came in short gasps; she could go no further. Defeat in the end?

Her fingers touched something wet. Blood! It was fresh. Had she come so far for nothing? No! Desperately, she crawled on, knife in hand.

He lay there, moaning, hands outstreched towards the moon, while blood gushed from his side.

He could not outlive her; of this she was determined. Too weak to go further she raised the dagger and threw it straight at his naked bosom.

As he grasped the dagger with his hands, his eyes found hers hatefully till glazed with oncoming death they searched out the moon.

Joyfully she smiled; she had triumphed. The tomb cleansed with his blood, and open to life and love, would once more have The Father's blessing.

He made his last sacrifice, she thought, and closed her eyes to welcome the creeping shadow of death.

A shadow passes across the moon; a breeze gently stirs; a life is gone and a moon is once more good, and loving. to an island basking in its glory.

Erika Teicht

Ode To My Digestive System

Oesophagus, you gulp for me,
And make my food go down;
O, slimy stomach walls expand
To tighten up my gown.

O pancreas of purple hue
And small intestine thinner;
With gastric juices squelching out
To mix and churn my dinner.

O duodenum with your bile
Oozing from my liver,
Emulsifying all the while
A green and flowing river.

Absorbing all the end products
The villi wave like wheat;
Blood vessels curl inside of these
To make my life complete.

Janina Nawrot &
Judy Stewart

His Brother's Keeper

When somebody knocked on the cell door Judd sprang to his feet and peered through the bars.

"I've got a visitor for you" said the guard and nodded to the man standing beside him. It was Judd's older brother Charlie, and it was very plain to see that he was not in a good mood.

Charlie did not even enter the cell but spoke through the bars. "What are you in here for this time? Robbery? Arsen? Being a drunk? Or did you finally get up enough courage to go out and kill some little kid? Whatever it is, you can damn well get yourself out of it this time". Charlie put a lot of emphasis on the word, yourself!

"Don't fly off the handle, Chuck," said Judd in as soothing a voice as he could manage "It's not as bad as you make it to be." I'm charged with drunken driving and hit'n run. The guy I hit came out of it with only a few bruises on his body but the cops are trying to make a federal case out of it. By the way, bail has been set at $800.00." Judd looked at his brother hopefully.

Charlie sighed and he seemed to grow about ten years older. "Look kid, this is the fourth time in six months I've had to spring you from the clink, it costs money, you know. Right now I've only got 300 bucks in the bank. I'll try to get the rest of it by the end of the week. Without even waiting for Judd's response or his many thank-yous, Charlie turned on his heel and was gone.

Judd was twenty three years old, exactly ten years younger than his brother. He was a handsome young man with wavy blonde hair and a very distinguished face. He had many friends, most of them women. His looks were a complete contradiction with his character. Putting it quite frankly Judd was a worthless good-for-nothing. He had grown up in St. Petersburg, Florida and his early life on the waterfront had been one of begging, borrowing and stealing. His many run-ins with the law had made him an uncaring and hardened criminal.

Charlie was the complete opposite. He was small and there was nothing about him that would make anyone take special note of him. Many years of hard work had turned him into a man slightly embittered with his lot. Through his hard work he had obtained quite a bit of money and now he was the proud owner of three very fine fishing boats, working the inner Florida coast. When he was 27 he got married and now he was the father of two sweet little girls. He had been living prosperously until Judd called him and asked him to go bail for him. Even though he didn't show it, he was very fond of Judd and he paid the bail without any regrets. Judd's escapades with the law had grown more and more numerous and Charlie's bank account dwindled until he relied on the money the boats made to keep him and his family from starving. When his wife insisted that he stop paying for Judd's deliverance from jail, he flatly refused, saying he couldn't let his brother down.

After Judd's latest charge, the one about the drunken driving had been brought before the court he was fined $500 and was also given a month in jail. Naturally, Charlie was called upon to pay the fine. Things had gotten so bad that Charlie had to borrow the money to pay the fine. After this he did not hear of Judd for three and a half months.

It was raining hard outside; Charlie was sitting in front of the fire watching T.V., thinking how lucky he was to be at home on a night like this and not aboard one of his boats off the Keys, where they had been fishing for the last few days. He was absorbed in the show he was watching and did not hear the first tap on the window. A little later it was repeated. Still Charlie did not hear. The third time it was louder and he pulled his eyes from the T.V. set and remained frozen in his chair. Peering in through the window was a dripping face. The fantastic thing was that it was not dripping rain. It was dripping blood! He jumped to the window just in time to see his brother Judd colapse in the flower-bed. Pulling on his boots, he dashed outside and carried the unconscious figure into the house.

He placed him gently on the bed, and wiped the blood off his face. The wound was a nasty one, stretching from the forehead back along the hairline and terminating in a wicked gash at the left temple.

Two hours later when Judd woke up he looked at Charlie and whispered hoarsely. "Hide me, bo y you got to hide me. Don't let them find me.
The cops, they're after me. You've got to hide me. Don't let them get me. You can get a boat. Get me down to South America, Cuba, I don't care where you take me. Just get me out to the States!"

"Calm down Judd, calm down. At the beginning tell me what happened."

"I killed a man, Chuck! I was drunk, I didn't know what I was doing. I told him to put up his hands and give me his wallet. When he saw the gun he screamed. He turned and ran, and I shot him. He fell over and I shot him again. Suddenly he lay still. Thats when I realized what I had done. I was drunk, I didn't know what I had done until later."

Charlie pulled him to his feet and hit him savagely. Judd fell on the bed. Charlie pulled him up and hit him again and again.

"You miserable good-for-nothing killer, you useless thief, you misbegotten fool. I'll get you out of here all right, right down to the police station." As he finished Judd crumpled on the floor and remained motionless.

As he lay there, blood trickling from his wounded head, discolouring his fair hair and forming a little rivulet along his cheek, a sudden wave of pity swept over Charlie and sobbing he kneeled beside the body. Gently he picked up the

When Judd awoke he was on a boat forty miles from the coast, heading for the little town of Cardenas, Cuba. Charlie was then in the control room listening to the search for Judd being broadcast from the mainland. His name, his description, where he had last been seen were all over St. Petersburg. All police and coast guard establishments had been alerted and the coast guard cutters were patrolling an area of one hundred miles from the coast. They were expecting a break for parts unknown.

Charlie went out on deck. He peered into the the darkness and saw a light. Suddenly he felt as if somebody had kicked him in the stomach. The Coast Guard! He groaned inwardly. He could not outrun the cutter. The best he could was eleven knots while the Coast Guard could do twenty-five with ease. He knew at once what would happen. Judd would be caught and he would be in five years. Helping a murderer escape from the country was a very serious crime. He thought of his boats, his wife, his children, his house, everything he loved. With him gone, his wife would be forced to work and since she was expecting her third child it would be impossible. He thought of his children having to grow up, knowing their father was a convict. Then he thought of something else. Suppose Judd was not found on the boat. His mind was going around in circles.

One voice within him yelled,"He's useless, a murderer, he is not worth saving. Think of all the sorrow and pain you will cause your family. End it quickly. One blow on the head with the heavy pipe wrench over there and its over. Then overboard. Nobody will ever know." The other voice yelled just as loud, "You can not do it Charlie, you just can't. He is your own brother. How do you know it is the Coast Guard behind you. Maybe it is another fishing boat."

The first voice made itself felt again. "Who else would it be but the Coast Guard? Do it quick they are getting closer. Just think of your family, Charlie."

Charlie stood there for a long time. The light of the boat was coming closer. He imagined he could see the high prow of the cutter. Slowly his hand reached for the heavy wrench and he painfully reached up. Softly he crept down the stairs, the weapon gripped in his hand. In his weak condition Judd could offer no resistance. It was over quickly! Taking the heavy sechest he tied it around Judd's legs and dropped the body into the velvet stillness of the rolling sea.

He looked at the light again. It was quite close. Suddenly Charlie fell against the cabin and started to cry hysterically.

The lights of the pleasure yacht pulled alongside his boat and in a little while they left a small boat and a small man behind them in the vast immensity of the softly rolling sea. Juris Zvanitajs

PAUL LEGATO

The acrid dust rose in vague yellow clouds from the wheels of my mule drawn wagon, as I rambled down the narrow rutted road. On either side of the street stretched the dull grey facades of various imporiums stretched in a littered fashion.

Bordering the business houses on the west side of the village were much-worn board walks. Outside Sal's Saloon stood two mangy horses, staring from their positions at the hitching post, at the opaque windows and bat-wing doors. A sullen looking dog lay at one side of the door.

On the other side of the street a hen was sitting in the dust outside Brown's Emporium. Rickety wagons, mules, and numerous horses were parked along the quarter mile of boardwalk. To the south of the boardwalk stretched half a mile of adobe huts, none of which were at right angles to the road. Among this muddled array of abodes, small hens scratched disconsolately in the dust.

Upon this sordid scene the midday sun seemed to focus its burning rays.

As I rattled through their village, I received no recognition from the inhabitants, except the squawk of a startled hen, and the flopping ear of a flea-chasing hound. The only sign that I had passed through was the settling clouds of yellow dust.

"How much this town has changed", I exclaimed to my pretty little mule, named John. "There is something seriously wrong."

I recalled how boisterous this little town had been in my youth; this town that had affectionately dubbed "Noveau Yorki" by its Scottish inhabitants. That was in 1950, way back in the lead rush era.

The vicinity in which Nouveau Yorki was situated had reputedly been ravaged by a tribe of Indians who called themselves 'The Lost Tribe of the Alamo'. This tribe was notable in that it always used lead arrow heads. As a result the ground was just plumb full of lead arrow heads.

As a post-war shortage of lead in Scotland resulted in a cancellation of marriages due to the lack of such necessities as wedding rings, this news was welcome in Scotland. A certain picked group of Scots floated across the pond and started a settlement shortly after this news was heard in Scotland. In honour of their leaders, the Scots had erected lead statues of the major and his aldermen. Those statues had been mounted on suitable adobe pedestals and were situated in suitable positions in the town.

I recalled too, how I had left Nouveau Yorki, being bored with a mere existance of punctuating sign boards with little lead balls. I had journeyed to a small, rather unknown city called New York and taken a position as a jazz pianist at a small night club.

After I had left, Nouveau Yorki had taken a turn for the worse. A certain muscleman named Jackie Roman was terrorizing Nouveau Yorki with his syndicate of equally-muscledmen. His latest action was an insult to the whole community. The lead statues which were the pride and joy of Nouveau Yorki, had been mutilated by Jackie. The finely chiseled Scottish noses had been crudely beaten into Roman ones.

At the request of the more intelligent

people of Nouveau Yorki, I had packed my jazz piano (a variation of the concert grand) and started on my mission to liquidate Jackie Roman. I had been grubstaked by the N.B.C. television network.

Suddenly my mule pricked up his mane. I jumped out of my cart and turned off my television camera. "Time for a word from my sponsors", I said, and tuned in my set in time to hear "remember, say 'Players Please', the first in plastic plated playing cards."

After the commercial I played 'Good Night Ladies' for the benefit of my mule John and then I laid myself down on the keyboard to get some shut-eye. Before my mind blackened I promised my self that I would go back into Nouveau Yorki sometime when it was not so crowded.

It happened several nights later. I was carrying my jazz piano home from Sal's Saloon where I had finished a recital. The piano was in my right hand and I was playing 'The March of the Oranges' with my left when John pricked up his mane. Simultaneously I saw Jackie Roman pulling the nose of the major.

"Hold it Jackie!" I said. "Its time for a word from our sponsors."

I turned off my television camera and tuned in my set in time to hear "Here is a bulletin that has just been handed to me! Due to a recent Board of Broadcast Governor's decision, the programme Paul Legato will not appear in the future on this channel. The B. B. G. rules that this programme will violate the Excess Violence Act."

I switched off the set. "Cut the pose "I said" It's all over." "Our producers are just a bunch of anti-Scots anyway" said Jackie.

"Yeah," I said, "but I prefer anti-semeticism. I picked up a pail of black paint and a little brush and smeared the piano with swastikas.

...Delbert Russell

The Hidden Mind

He lay still. The vibratory movements of his breathing could scarcely be distinguished beneath the ruffled blankets which covered his frail body and supplied the vital heat so necessay for life but which his worn body in its almost expired life was no longer able to supply adequately. This last night had been one of the worst he had spent in a long time--as far as he could remember. But they had told him not to remember. They said he was very old and sick. Then, why had it happened? He hadn't tried to recall these faces; nor the unfamiliar experiences of his young life.

He wondered. "Does everyone have a final moment of peace; a moment when without realizing it, he returns in a trance to the past. The past in which they held the world in their hands and the setting sun was only a magnificent sight to watch while holding the hand of the one you loved. You thought then of how you would watchthis life-giving, unearthly sphere set every evening for the rest of you natural life."

Now he recalled how trivial it all seemed . His subconscious spoke to him again.

"But of how long it seems when you say for the rest of your life; and oh how soon the final rest creeps upon you. Years fly and hours tick by like seconds, and the days like minutes."

He was recalled to the present by the heavy footsteps of someone in the hall.

"Probably a doctor," he thought.

The firm, self-assured, rhythmic beat of the now fading steps placed in his mind the picture of a young doctor, full of life, energy and eagerness. 'Click', 'Click', 'Click', the footsteps faded, and with them the present. He was no longer an old man for whom the thread of life was frayed and severed; almost completely broken. He was a young man and he heard so clearly the approaching 'click', 'click', 'click', of his own footsteps; treading, sauntering, flying like the wind through life's trials, hardships and joys, to the end of the voyage: the present.

Could it be he would no longer see the days and nights and experience the fleeting of time? Was this hour, minute, second or however long this tranquillity had lasted an omen. He couldn't shut the thought from his mind. It appeared time after time, recurring in its hectic, tiring manner. Then, quiet.

Sylvia Galbraith

Doing Homework on a Saturday Evening

Oh woe! Oh woe! alas, alack;
I am in awful trouble.
My dream of going out tonight
Has burst, just like a bubble.

My troubles I will now explain,
So listen; do not cry.
The warden saw my report card:
He looked me in the eye.

"So," said he, "what have we here?
A lazy good-for-nothing!
Young man," said he, in awful mein,
"I'll make you work like (h--l) something."

So now, I struggle with my math
And work, and nurse my sores.
Dear brothers watch the hockey game;
I hear: "He shoots! He scores!"

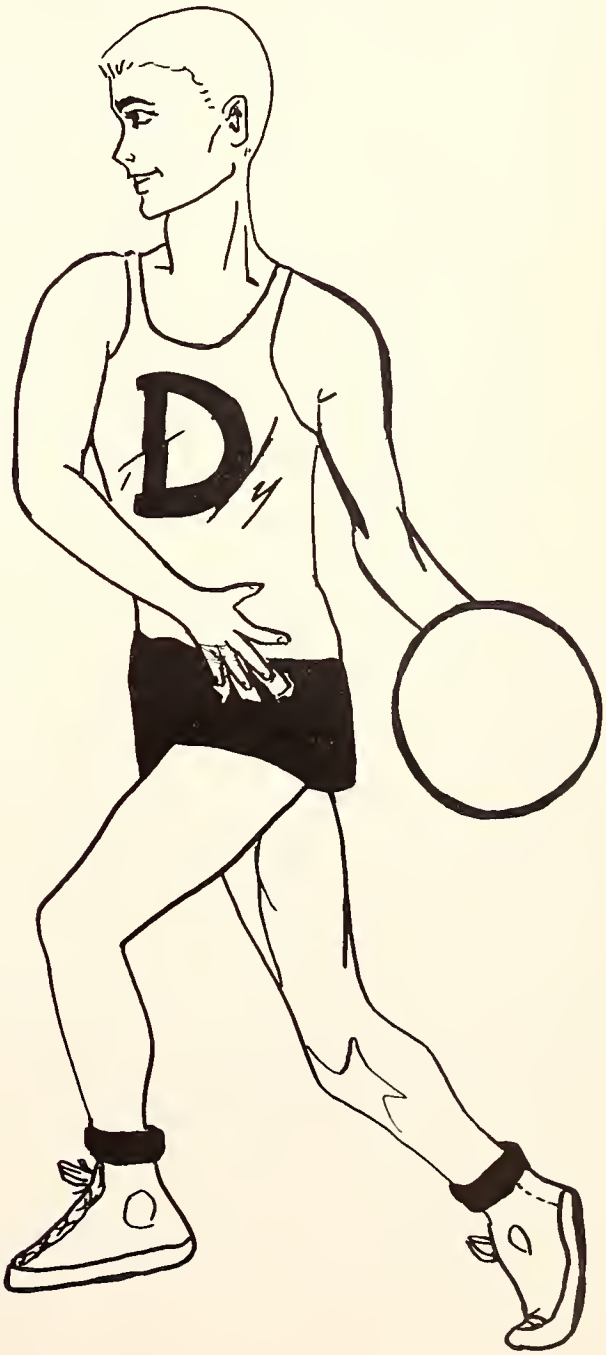
Who shoots? Who scores? I do not know;
I do not know who's playing.
I wish I knew! I wish I knew!
What that announcer's saying.

So what if x is equal y,
Or "livre" means a book.
I want to know the blasted score,
I think I'll take a look.

I creep up slowly to the door
Then Dad comes down the stairs.
I dash like mad back to my books,
Who shoots? Who scores? Who cares.

Walt Zvanitajs.

SPORTS



BOYS' SPORTS

Football

10B, to the surprise of all, won the Junior Division against their favored opponents

Grade 13 won the Senior Division . This year, even though they won all their games, Grade 13 had rough tough games against Grade 12. When their bull rushes ended in the dirt they resorted to passing and thus won the championship.

Local Track And Field Meet

Junior competition was keen and the points were well spread over. Larry Seeley and Keith Winch tied for Junior Champion.

Junior Boys' Winners:

100 yd. Dash - Keith Winch
220 yd. Dash - Larry Seeley
880 yd. Dash - Ron McCreary
Pole Vault - Floyd Patton
High Jump - Richard Walker
Broad Jump - Keith Winch
Hop, Step, Jump - Paul Rodgers
Shot Put - Larry Seeley
Relay - Delbert Russell, Keith Winch, Larry Seeley, Richard Walker.

Senior Boys' Winners:

Ken Patterson won the school championship again without sweat or worry.

100 yd. Dash - Ken Patterson
220 yd. Dash - Ken Patterson
880 yd. Dash - Ken Patterson
Pole Vault - Ed Minard
High Jump - Ed Jack
Broad Jump - Ken Patterson
Hop, Step, Jump - Ken Patterson
Shot Put - Philip Watson
Relay - Ralph Russell, Ed Minard, Juris Zvanitajs, Bill Rea.

SOUTH GREY TRACK AND FIELD MEET

The all-powerful Senior Boys romped through their competition and won the South Grey Senior Boys Pennant for the fourth consecutive year. In the over-all standings Dundalk placed Third..

Junior Boys' Results:

220 yd. Dash - Larry Seeley-3rd.
High Jump - Richard Walker-2nd.
Hop, Step, Jump - Paul Rodgers-1st.
Pole Vault - Floyd Patton-2nd.
Shot Put - Larry Seeley-3rd.

Senior Boys' Results:

100 yd. Dash - Ken Patterson-1st.
220 yd. Dash - Ken Patterson-1st.
880 yd. Dash - Ken Patterson-2nd.
Pole Vault - Ed Minard-2nd.
High Jump - Ed Jack-2nd.
Broad Jump - Ralph Russell-1st.
Relay - Norman Jack, Ralph Russell, Ed Minard Ken Patterson-1st.

Not to excite or unnerve anyone, Ken Patterson didn't let anybody else win the South Grey Sr. Boys' Championship.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

The following are the members of the 1960 Dragons:
Ed "Shifty" Minard
Walt "Bull" Zvanitajs
Ralph "Boulder" Russell
Ken "Speedy" Patterson
Juris "Jerk" Zvanitajs
Boniface "Joe" Vaivods
Lyle "Long" Ferris
Fred "F. J. G." Goheen
Bill "Alywishus Jr." Rea
Norm " Sing" Jack
Glen "Cruger" Krueger

Exhibition Games:

Dundalk Vs. Orangeville

For their first exhibition game the Dragons played host to Orangeville and put them to their knees by 47-32. Good defensive rebounding by Russell and snappy Dragon play took their toll on the opposition.

Top Scorers: Ed Minard-18 Pts.
Juris Zvanitajs-11 Pts.

Dundalk Vs. Toronto

The second exhibition game was played here also against the boys of the Toronto Latvian Sports Club. Although the Dragons played to the best of their ability and kept the game close to the end of the half. They couldn't cope with a 6'5" centre and some fine shooting by Toronto. The end result was a 58 to 47 win for the Latvians.

Top Scorers: Juris Zvanitajs-12 Pts.
Walt Zvanitajs-8 Pts.

Dundalk Vs. Mt. Forest

The Dragons travelled to Mt. Forest to keep in shape between league games. It was anyone's game during the first half but the Dragons pulled away slowly and stayed in front. The final score was 39 to 31.

Top Scorers: Walt Zvanitajs-12 Pts.
Boniface Vaivods-7 Pts.

Dundalk Vs. Orangeville

Just to try out their new basketball socks and shorts the Dragons played in Orangeville. At the start of each quarter the Orangeville squad piled up a big lead and it took the Dragons the rest of the quarter to close the score. When the first quarter ended Dundalk was behind a dismal score of 14 to 2. But the Dragons always ready to please and excite a crowd bounced back and tied the game 44 to 44 at the end of regulatian time. Going into overtime Orangeville got in the steam roller and scored 15 quick points and won 59 to 44.

Top Scorers: Juris Zvanitajs-18 Pts.
Ed Minard-13 Pts.

Ken Patterson winning the 220 yard dash.

Ken Patterson, South Grey Senior Boys' Champion and Connie Moore who tied for Senior Girls Champion

Ed Minard Ken Patterson

Shirley Cooper, Sylvia Galbraith and Jean Ray

Ken Patterson in the relay

Senior Boys' Track Team

K. Patterson
E. Jack
R. Russell
N. Jack

Absent:
Ed. Minard.

Senior Girls' Track Team:
Front: A.Young
B.McIntyre
Back : J.Wellwood
C.Moore
L.Sherritt
M.Ruttan

Junior Boys' Track Team:
Front: P. Rodgers
D. Russell
F. Patton
Back : L. Seeley
K. Winch
R. McCreary

Junior Girls' Track Team:
Front: D. Agnew
B. McIntyre
A. Vaivods
Back: D. Haw
P. Long
P. Oldfield
M. Wilson
E. Teicht

League Games

Dundalk Vs. Flesherton

This was the kind of game your Grandpa always talked about. First the Dragons roared down the floor, then Flesherton came steaming back then vice versa, then versa vice, etc. The injured were left behind to care for themselves. In this game anyone who didn't have more than three fouls was a sissy. Flesherton never caught the Dragons and they were scorched by the "fire breathers" 45 to 28.

Top Scorers: Ed. Minard-15 Pts.
Juris Zvanitajs-10 Pts.

Dundalk Vs. Shelburne

The Dragons "burned rubber" right from the start and left Shelburne in the smoke. Great defensive work by Walt. and shots from the charming fingers of Eddy helped the Dragons scamper to their second win 67-36.

Top Scorers: Ed Minard-21 Pts.
Juris Zvanitajs-13 Pts.

Dundalk Vs. Durham

Durham felt the fire of the Dragons and spent most of the time trying to cool down the "hot ones" but all in vain. The "veterans" were taken off and the newer members of the team went onto the floor and did just as well. Fast footwork and precision passes soon racked up a 78 to 33 score.

Top Scorers: Juris Zvanitajs-14 Pts.
Ed Minard -14 Pts.

Dundalk Vs. Markdale

Since the Dragons and Markdale had not lost a game yet both teams went on the floor prepared to "take it" but more ready to "dish it out". After a hectic game of violent playing and vocal threats the teams were deadlocked 37 to 37. The gods were with the opposition as Dundalk slid into second place by 2 points 42 to 40 during over-time.

Top Scorers: Ed Minard-16 Pts.
Juris Zvanitajs-11 Pts.

Dundalk Vs. Flesherton

This game was a walkway for the Dragons as they swept over Flesherton 65-14. The boys did everything perfectly, they intercepted passes, blocked shots, outshot and during this game they took to wearing hats but this was soon dispersed with since they kept bumping into the opposition and getting their hats knocked off.

Top Scorers: Ed Minard-18 Pts.
Juris Zvanitajs-15 Pts.

Dundalk Vs. Shelburne

Everyone shot and scored left and right to contribute to the 77 to 56 win for the Dragons. This was a fast game with both teams piling up quick points to make an interesting game to watch. The points were well spread out among the players except Juris who sank 13 baskets for 26 points to set an individual record for Dundalk basketball.

Top Scorers: Juris Zvanitajs-26 Pts.
Ed Minard-13 Pts.
Boniface Vaivods-13 Pts.

Dundalk Vs. Markdale

This game was the most critical of the season. A win would keep the Dragons alive but a loss would mean the championship for Markdale. Alas! Markdale vaulted to a 22 to 9 lead in the first quarter and stayed well ahead throughout the game even though the Dragons played frantically during some moments. The game finally ended as a win for Markdale 66 to 48.

Top Scorers: Juris Zvanitajs-17 Pts.
Ed Minard-16 Pts.

Dundalk Vs. Durham

Because the championship had been decided the Dundalk squad went to Durham with the intention of playing in a happy-go-lucky game. In the midst of the game some villian pulled Bernie's shorts down but luckily he had another pair underneath. Even though the score wasn't a high one the game was enjoyed by all. There was no tension to speak of since neither team had anything to win or lose.

Junior Boys Basketball

The Dundalk Jr. Boys under the coaching of Mr. Gemmell did very well. Mr. Gemmell whipped the players into fine shape but they had the bad luck of losing a league game by one point.

Exhibition Games

Dundalk Vs. Shelburne

The juniors went into battle and walked away with their first victory. While the tall Shelburnites shambled about, Dundalks' "little ones" scampered and buzzed to their first victory 37 to 26.

Dundalk Vs. Orangeville

The Juniors travelled with the Dragons to Orangeville to try their hand at playing against a team belonging to a bigger league. They flabbergasted everyone but themselves when they won a fine one-sided game. The final score was Dundalk 36, Orangeville 8.

League Games

Dundalk Vs. Flesherton

In their first league game, Dundalk left no doubt who would emerge victorious. It was no contest to speak of and the juniors finished on top of the lopsided 58 to 5 score.

Dundalk Vs. Shelburne

The Dundalk Juniors started the game in a slam-bang fashion and enjoyed a good twelve point lead at the half. Then the situation reversed. Shelburne shovelled in baskets and Dundalk collapsed. From here on in it was a dog-eat-dog affair and Shelburne had the last bite. It ended 37 to 36 for Shelburne.

Senior Boys' Basketball Team:
1st Row: L. to R: Bill Rea, Fred Goheen, Ken Patterson, Walt Zvanitajs, Ralph, Russell.
Back: Mr. Clute, Coach, Lyle Ferris, Norman Jack, Boniface Vaivods, Juris Zvanitajs, Glen Krueger.

Absent: Ed Minard

Senior Girls' Basketball Team:
Front: L. to R: Elaine Zeggil, Jean Ray, Shirley Stewart, Anna-Marie Stoddart, Bessie Batchelor.
Back: L. to R: Barbara McIntyre, Marylin Keating, Connie Moore, Lawna Sherritt, Jeanette Wellwood, Shirley Nichols, Muriel McQuarrie, Nettie Moore, Joan Zeggil, Anne Dales.
Absent: Mrs. Love, Coach.

Junior Boys' Basketball Team:
Front: L. to R: Rick Sawyers, Keith Winch, Ron McCreary Brian Wellwood.
Back: L. to R: Mr. Gemmell, Coach, Larry Seeley, Wayne Harrison, Bernie Bronstein, Harry Muligan, George Spence, Delbert Russell, David Arrnill, Floyd Patton.

GIRLS SPORTS

VOLLEY BALL:

The 59-60 school year began with volley ball being the first sport in the girls athletic activities.

On November 17, a Senior Girls' Volley Ball Tournament was held in our gymnasium. Durham placed first with 3 wins, Shelburne second with 2 wins, Flesherton third with 1 win. Dundalk won one game of the round-robin series against Flesherton, but failed to place.

The results of the Junior Girls' Inter-school Volley Ball Competition between Durham, Flesherton and Dundalk were more favourable than those of the senior girls. Dundalk placed second after defeating Flesherton, but was overcome by Durham.

LOCAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET:

At the local track and field meet, held on the afternoons of two windy, cold days, the junior and senior girls proved that the practice they had worked hard at was very rewarding.

A new sport was introduced into the girls curriculum this year; the hop, step, and jump. Although the greater majority of the girls were unable to make the pit, a few did manage to make it and master the sport.

In the end, with the points all totalled up, the champions were as follows.

Senior Girls: Mae Ruttan - 17 points
Junior Girls: Doris Agnew -15 points

SOUTH GREY TRACK AND FIELD MEET:

This years Inter-school Field Meet was held at Markdale and here again the girls hard practice proved rewarding. Connie Moore was in a three-way tie for the senior girls championship with 6 points.

Results of the Junior Girls

100 yd. dash	- Anita Vaivods - 2nd
Standing Broad	- Erika Teicht - 2nd
Ball Throw	- Lawna Sherritt - 1st
Relay Race	- Barbara MacIntyre -3rd Anita Vaivods Lawna Sherritt Janet Holmes
Running Broad	- Anita Vaivods - 3rd
Basketball Trio	- Peggy Long - 3rd Donna Haw Erika Teicht
Hop, step and jump	- Anita Vaivods - 3rd
Basketball throw	- Pat Oldfield - 2nd

Results of the Senior Girls

Ball Throw	- Audrey Young - 3rd
Catch Ball	- Audrey Young - 3rd Lawna Sherritt
100 yd. dash	- Connie Moore - 1st
Relay Race	- Connie Moore - 2nd Barbara MacIntyre Audrey Young Mae Ruttan
Basketball Trio	- Janette Lockhart - 3rd Betty Porter Marilyn Riddell
200 yd. dash	- Connie Moore - 1st

BASKETBALL

This years players:

Mary Whalls	Elaine Zeggil
Janette Wellwood	Connie Moore
Bessie Batchelor	Sylvia Galbraith
Joan Zeggil	Nettie Moore
Shirley Stewart	Shirley Nichols
Jean Ray	Muriel McQuarrie
Anne Dales	Lawna Sherritt
	Marilyn Keating

Dundalk vs Flesherton
17 32

The 1960 Inter-school Basketball Season for the senior girls began on Tue. Jan. 12, in Flesherton with the Flesherton girls as their first opponents. Flesherton kept our seniors on a constant run but this did not prevent the Dundalk team from getting the majority of the shots on the basket. Had luck been with us these might have dropped through and won us the game.

Scorers - B. Batchelor 15, M. Whalls 1
J. Wellwood 1.

Dundalk vs Shelburne
23 36

We played our second game of the series in Shelburne on the afternoon of Thur. Jan. 14. The Shelburne girls, though not as fast as Flesherton, managed to make good most of their shots, while the Dundalk girls failed to get in very many shots on basket. Our free shots were plentiful and well aimed.

Scorers - B. Batchelor 10, M. Whalls 2
J. Wellwood 3, J. Zeggil 6.

Dundalk vs Markdale
22 8

On Tue. Jan. 19, Markdale and Dundalk seniors met in our home gym. The guards held the Markdale team down to 4 baskets and our forwards walked all over Markdale guards to score 11 baskets. Dundalk fouled a great many times during the game but Markdale failed to sink the much needed baskets.

Scorers - J. Wellwood 4, S. Stewart 1
B. Batchelor 15, A. Dales 2

Dundalk vs Durham
27 25

The Tue. Jan. 26th game against Durham girls proved victorious for our senior girls. Dundalk led off with the first basket but Durham took the lead from there and held it to the final quarter when our girls recovered from behind the 12 point lead held by Durham to win.

Scorers - J. Wellwood 2, S. Stewart 4, M. Whalls 3, B. Batchelor 17, J. Zeggil 1.

Dundalk vs Flesherton
26 36

The Feb. 2nd at-home game between Dundalk and Flesherton was a rough and tumble game with the majority of fouls being called on Dundalk. These were necessary to keep up with the rough standards

of the opposing team.
Scorers - B. Batchelor 16, A. Dales 6, J. Zeggil 4.

Dundalk vs Shelburne
26 41

On Feb 4th, Shelburne came to Dundalk and both teams played a fast clean and exceptionally good game. Although the final score looks quite unsuccessful, it was refreshing during the game to watch the opposition and their coach squirm on their bench when once in the 3rd quarter they were ahead by only one basket.
Scorers - J. Wellwood 5, M. Whalls 3, B. Batchelor 18.

Dundalk vs Markdale
33 15

Dundalk travelled to Markdale on Feb. 8th and came home with their 3rd league victory. All around it was a rough and tumble game with lots of fouls and a few fights.
Scorers - B. Batchelor 24, M. Whalls 6 J. Wellwood 2, J. Zeggil 1.

Dundalk vs Durham
18 44

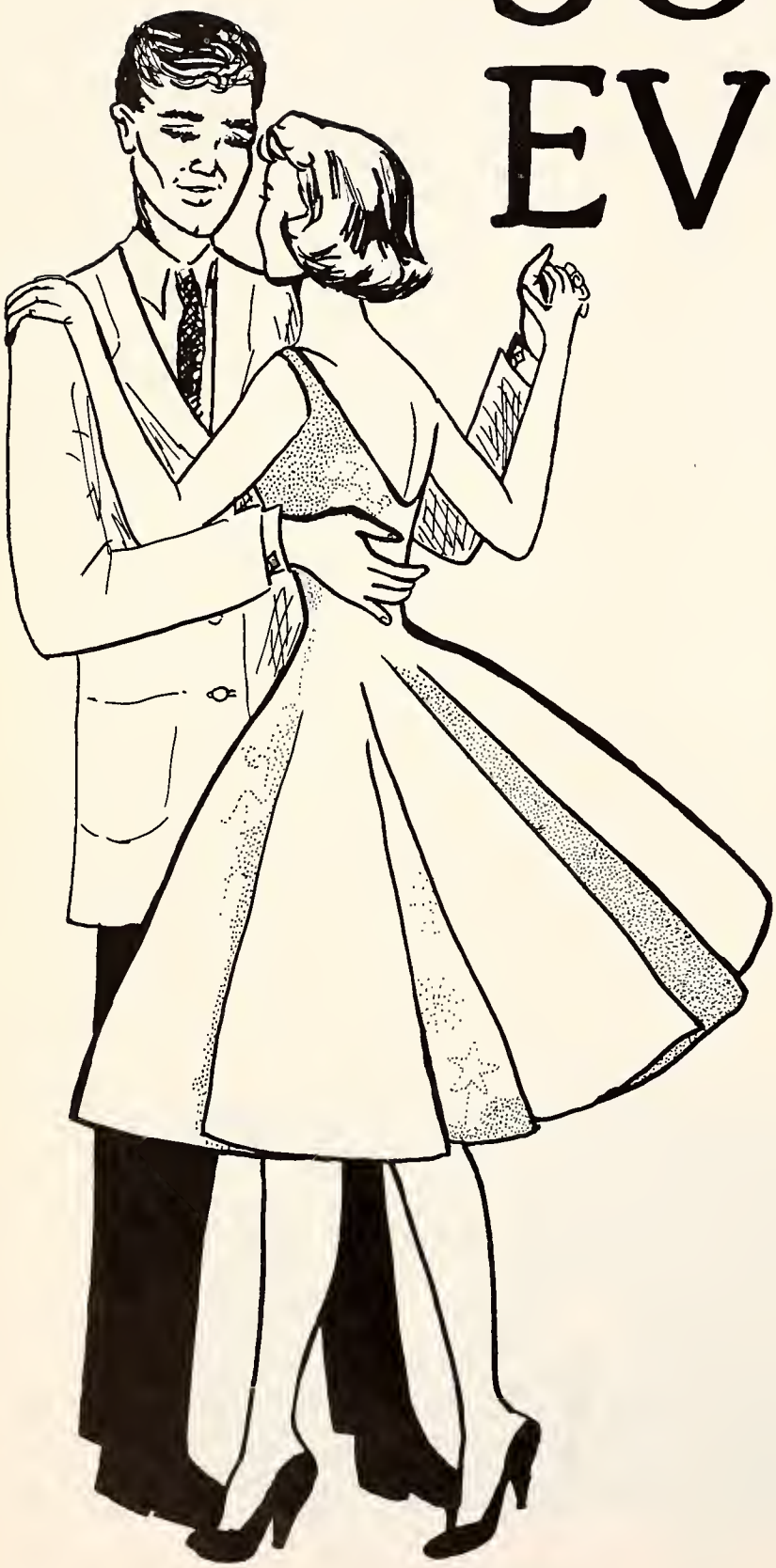
The final game for the seniors proved unsuccessful. Many of our players were unable to play because of injuries or illness and as a result the Durham team walked away with the game.

Dundalk vs Mount Forest
28 24

On Jan. 29th we went to Mount Forest to play in an exhibition game with their seniors. The girls were led to victory under the expert coaching of Mr. Clute. The game was quite clean with the exception of one 'bystander'. (the referee) Three cheers for the coach!!!

THE "DRAGONS" IN ACTION.

SOCIAL EVENTS



Social Activities

Students Council

Head Boy - Ken Patterson
Head Girl - Barbara MacDonald
Secretary - Ralph Russell
Treasurer - Elaine Zeggil
Students Representatives - Bill Rea and Sylvia Galbraith
President, Boys' Athletic Society - Ed Minard
President, Girls' Athletic Society - Connie Moore
Literary Convener - Walt Zvanitajs
Social Convener - Shirley Ritchie
Lunch Convener - Fred Goheen

The above students have been selected by the student body for various offices in the Students Council. They have carried out the responsibilities placed in them to the satisfaction of all. Congratulations to these faithful and unthanked servants of the common weal.

Several Friday night sock-hops were held but (pardon me for being hypocritical) they were poorly attended. This reporter has scarcely seen such a sparse turnout since the days of prohibition.

Initiation

Initiation was a welcome sight to grade niners who were beginning to wonder if the anticipated events were really going to happen. The uninitiated were given ample opportunity to demonstrate their physical abilities. As a new feature this year some teachers were allowed to see the depth of feeling the appointed younger students had for them.

COMMENCEMENT NOVEMBER 26

Commencement exercises began with Glee Club Selections, directed by Mrs. Wm. Arnill. Following this was the President of the Students Councils' remarks and the presenting of diplomas, certificates and various awards both academic and athletic.

Guest speaker was Mr. A.J. Shupe B.A., B.Ed., Inspector of Guidance Service, Ontario Deptment of Education.

He emphasized the fact that many clever students leave high school before graduation. Financial assistance is being provided to those who might not otherwise be able to finance advanced education. Research is being conducted to encourage these students to complete their education

The valedictory address was given by Barry E. Koehler who is well known for scholastic abilities.

COMMENCEMENT DANCE NOVEMBER 27

Llew Davison and his Spades provided music for the commencement dance which was attended by several of this years grads. The attendance was good.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

This years Christmas Party was exceptional in that nearly all the students were present. It was not exceptional in content, having the usual Christmas tree, candies, ice-cream and sock-hop.

THE SNOW-BALL DANCE

Stormy weather and excellent music are typical of this annual mid-winter dance. There was a large attendance although the dance had been postponed for a week due to climatic conditions. The excellent music was produced by Earl Georges and his five-piece "J.G."

Credit is also due to those who decorated the gym so competently and attractively.

MUSIC APPRECIATION

The "Music Appreciation" was greatly enjoyed by the music (lovers) of our school. The music was under the supervision of Miss Tatley in the extra-curricular periods. One overenthused lad liked the music so much that he tried to take the record-player with him. (Also the "cord")

CADETS

Our school has taken on a military appearance as Cadet Inspection draws near. This year Cadet activities were broadened. As before, there were two platoons formed under the capable leadership of Mr. Sawyers with the assistance of Staff-Sergeant Smith.

Cadets Officers:

Company Commander	Keith Winch
Second-in-Command	Rick Sawyers
Platoon Commander #1	Ralph Russell
Platoon Commander #2	Ron Springgay
Company Sergeant Maj.	Glen Krueger
Platoon Sergeant #1	Juris Zvantijs
Platoon Sergeant #2	Bernie Bronstein

Instruction was given in Signals, Map-Reading, and Bren Gun.

Why, why, why, can't they believe me that 2+2=4?

Miss Tatley is always on the move; therefore it was hard to get a picture of her.

Zzzzzzzz! Snore! Zzzzzzzz!

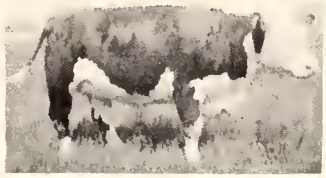
SCENES FROM VARIETY NIGHT

Upper Left: Mae Ruttan doing a mean Charleston.

Lower Left: The Cadet Corps.

Upper Right: Queen and Chancellor from our great play, "The Ugly Duckling."

Lower Right: The Glee Club.



We don't know how this
got here either.

Mr. Clute, performing
one of his experiments

Le clas Francais - translated -

the French class

It was rumored that Grade XII's
Christmas Party was kind of wild

Entry of the Grand Tribunal.

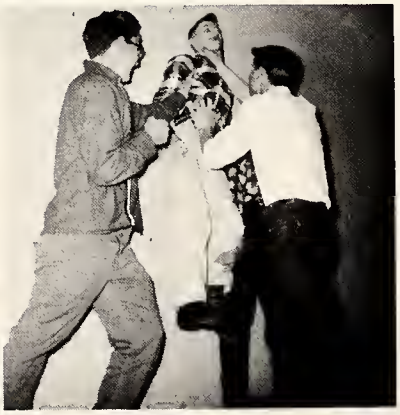
The Grand Tribunal in session

Fit and proper punishment imposed by the Grand Tribunal.

Some of the Grade IX'ers were so confused they didn't know front from back.

The TORCH fearlessly exposes some of the rackets that lurk beneath the quiet surface of the ordinary school day

GAMBLING



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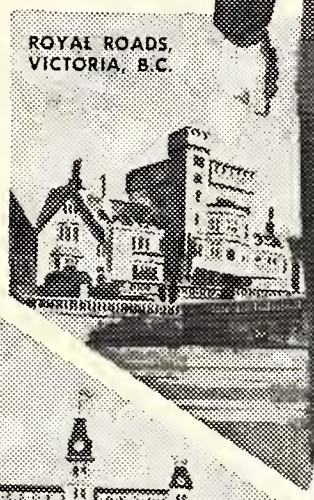

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